

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laide out for purchase: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

Arct. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitrator, tell us
When we know all our selves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

Exeunt.

Scena 3. Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose succes I dare not
Make any timorous question, yet I wish him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dare ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouvernours.

Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Those best affections, that the heavens infuse
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.

Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes; our hearts
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hip. In's bosome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have sod their Infants in (and after eate them)
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
You stay to see of us such Spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you
As I pursue this war, which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.

Exit Pir.

Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; since his depart, his sportes
Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gaine
Made him regard, or losse consider, but
Playing ore busines in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his minde, nurse equall
To these so differing Twyns; have you observ'd him,
Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,
Perill and want contending, they have skift
Torrents whose roling tyranny and power
I'th least of these was dreadful, and they have
Fought out together, where Deaths-selfe was lodgd,
Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot of love
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deepe a cunning
May be out worne, never undone. I thinke
Thesew cannot be umpire to himselfe
Cleaving his conscience into twaine, and doing
Each side like Iustice, which he loves best.

Emil. Doubtlesse
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you: I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;
You were at wars, when she the grave enrichd,
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moone
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each a eleven.

C 3

Hip.